He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſildome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch vnquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wracke and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) hauing all loſt,
By waues, from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tried with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what ſhall be next.
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſſe your ire, your angry Stars of heauen
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To haue bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three fiſhermen,

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away or Ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before vs, euen now.
1. Alaſſe

1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it greeued
What pittifull cries they made to
When (welladay) we could ſcarſe
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as muc
When I ſaw the Porpas, how he b
They ſay, they are halfe fiſh, halfe f
a plague on them, they nere come b
Maſter, I Maruell how the fiſhes li
1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eat vp the little one
I can compare our rich Miſers, to
As to a Whale; he plaies and tumb
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at laſt deuoure them all at a m
Such whales haue I heard on a'th la
who neuer leaue gaping, till they ſ
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple,
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had beene the
I would haue bene that day in the
2. Why man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallo
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept ſuch a iangling of
That he would neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Bels ſteeple, Church and
But if the good King *Simonides* were
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the land of t
That rob the Bee of her hony.
Per. How from the fenny ſubiect
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities of m
And from there watry Empire recoll
All that may men approue, or men de
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſher
2. Honeſt, good fellow, what's th
Search out of the Kalender, and no bo

C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)